

Good 202 Morning

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch

Topper cured by 'Ceiling Walk'

MAYBE you're on the water-cart. Perhaps you always have been. But most people would be intrigued by the world's strangest cure any drunk ever had.

Tom Barrow, a doughty New Yorker, was prepared to spend a fortune on curing an alcoholic friend.

The newsworthy part of the cure began when, at the saloons his friend frequented, Tom bribed the barmen to sell only water to the thirsty one, but to pass it off as rye, whisky, gin, brandy, and so on.

The drunkard thought he had lost all sense of taste when his visits to six or seven saloons produced only a colourless, tasteless liquid. For three days he was kept "on the wagon" as a result. Then he bought a stock of drink from a wholesaler and proceeded to make himself gloriously drunk at home.

Tom Barrow, however, was not disheartened. As a further attempt at a cure, he secreted a harmless snake in his friend's bed. When the young man returned home at night, hopelessly intoxicated, he slept with the reptile—and in the morning laughed heartily at the joke that had been played on him!

ALL SET. Barrow tried again. He engaged a gang of mechanics and ordered them to stand by in readiness to act.

Then he set detectives to watch his friend's house and to report on his movements.

One night he went out, obviously determined to get hopelessly drunk. He had

hardly quitted his apartment before Barrow, with the gang of mechanics at his heels, entered, and began to turn the whole place upside-down! The carpets were taken up and the floor thoroughly white-washed.

The chandelier was taken down from the ceiling and fastened to the floor. Beds, chairs, desk and other pieces of furniture were secured to the ceiling.

TOPSY-TURVY.

White plaster gave way to painted boards, and the carpet was firmly affixed to this transformed ceiling.

Picture-moulding and skirting-board changed places.

Every picture was "hung" from the floor up and so cleverly secured with fine wire that it was almost impossible to tell how the effect was produced.

Curtains were arranged upside-down, the pelmet left sticking up from the lower window-sill. Even a door was faked.

When Barrow's friend was brought home drunk he was left lying on the mock ceiling.

He woke up to see the furniture seemingly glued high above his head. He found himself seeing the world wrong side up.

Within a few hours, of course, he discovered the hoax.

But the first shock to his nervous system on awakening had been so great that he resolved never to drink again. And he never did!

Peter Davis

Here's tuning in to C.P.O. Harold Hilder

BIGGEST news for you. C.P.O. Harold Hilder, is that your heir, William Charles, has a very handsome nose. Your wife told us you were quite concerned about it when the baby was a few weeks old. Well, don't have any more doubts; it is quite perfect!

He is still called "William Charles" in full, though it is expected to abbreviate to "Charlie" in the very near future.

Your wife is very much wrapped up in baby, and is finding life very full, for William Charles's first teeth are

well on the way now.

Your mother is very well, and your father, we hear, is well on the road to recovery.

Your wife's brother Ted has recently been commissioned, and it is possible that you may meet one day before you get home.

You may know that Paula is expecting another baby about Christmas. Her husband, Geoff., is hoping it will be a boy this time. Valerie would no doubt like a brother, too. Caroline and Nita are still flirting, your mother-in-law said, and although Caroline's interests are centred mainly on R.A.F., her sister runs her close with her enthusiasm for submariners!

Your father-in-law and William Charles are great pals; the baby sits for hours on grandfather's knee.

He likes to grab the knobs on the radio, and although the family likes to humour him, they find it trying at times to suddenly have the one o'clock news changed round to foreign music or (more frequently) violent oscillations.

For your next leave a trip to Portsmouth is on orders. Your wife can hardly wait to show off the baby to all your friends there. She also predicts a visit to the "Blue Anchor" and the "White Hart."

That's all the news this time, Harold, so we end with fondest greetings from all at home.

The Fiscal, meantime, discovered that Dr. Smith had effected insurances on William McDonald's life with three separate companies. Two of these policies were for £500 and one for £1,000.

When the trial took place the prosecution asserted that the pistol with which William

Stuart Martin in this 'UNSOLVED CRIME' says THE WINDSWEPT MOOR HELD DEADLY MYSTERY

THERE is an old Scottish word that tells, better than any other, of a particular type of wind heard on the moors.

They talk up North of a ranting wind with a "sough" in it. The word is not pronounced as it is spelled, but it refers to a wind that bends all before it—trees, grass, clouds, clammy and inhospitable, a dangerous wind for man and beast.

There is no drying quality in this wind. It is a sullen, tempestuous, evil force; damp, and generally accompanied by vague warnings and threats. You can hear it on the moors as it "soughs" or sighs lamentably.

Such a wind blew over the village of St. Fergus, in the corner of Aberdeenshire, five miles north of Peterhead, on the evening of Saturday, November 19th, 1853. It brought tragedy with it, and sudden death, misery; and the local doctor to the dock on a charge of murder.

William McDonald, a young farmer who lived at Burnside, two miles from St. Fergus, was a great friend of Dr. William Smith, and it was because of the violent death of McDonald that Dr. Smith found himself accused.

THE body of McDonald was found by his young brother lying in a ditch in a field near the village on the morning of Sunday, November 20th. There was a bullet wound in the right cheek, the face was blackened with gunpowder, and a pistol lay next the body, which was face downwards in about an inch of water.

The wind was still "soughing" over the neighbouring moors.

Dr. Smith had known the McDonald family for many years, and had attended them when needed. It was his mother's land that William McDonald farmed, and he was engaged to a girl, Mary Slessor, who lived at Hill of Mintlaw. He was known to be steady, sober, a reader of the Bible, and the marriage was to take place when he had found a suitable farm to manage.

In the gloaming, between four and five on the Saturday afternoon, McDonald had left home to keep a tryst. He was seen in St. Fergus, which was but a short street, in the

shop of James Smith, the local cartwright, where he gave an order for some harness to be made. That was about 7 p.m. He was then in his usual good spirits and health. He left the cartwright's shop at 7.30, and that was the last that was seen of him alive.

As he had not returned home, his young brother started out next morning to look for him. The lad made inquiries in the village, and then cut through a path towards the moors. He had to traverse a six-acre field belonging to Dr. Smith; and it was there he found his dead brother.

First thing the lad did was to run for Dr. Smith, who hurried to the spot. "God preserve us!" exclaimed the physician when he saw the body. He made a rough examination, and remarked, as he pointed to the pistol, "That's the thing that's done it. I believe he was partly drowned and partly shot."

The body was taken to the nearest house and then put into a cart to be carried to Burnside.

But before the dead man was taken away his pockets were searched. Only his watch and snuff-box were found. He was wearing a short jacket with tiny pockets. There was no powder or shot in the pockets. He never carried money.

In his certificate of death Dr. Smith wrote, "on my soul and conscience," as they have it in Scotland, that he was called to the spot about 9 a.m. that Sunday morning, and that he "inferred" the deed "was not likely to have been done by any other than deceased." In other words, Dr. Smith believed it was suicide.

The doctor made a remark to one of his friends that there was no need to have the Fiscal (local prosecutor) in on the case; but although the doctor attended to all the funeral arrangements the Fiscal at Peterhead came on the scene.

The first thing he did was to appoint two medical men to hold a post-mortem. There is no inquest in Scotland. As a result of this post-mortem and for other reasons the Fiscal charged Dr. William Smith with murdering his friend, and took him to Peterhead prison.

In Scotland a prisoner may make what are called "Declarations before the Sheriff." Dr. Smith made three in all.

The Fiscal, meantime, discovered that Dr. Smith had effected insurances on William McDonald's life with three separate companies. Two of these policies were for £500 and one for £1,000.

When the trial took place the prosecution asserted that the pistol with which William

McDonald had been shot belonged to Dr. Smith. He had been seen practising shooting with a pistol in his garden. The Fiscal also said that when he searched Dr. Smith's house he found a packet of gunpowder and the broken trigger of a pistol.

Dr. Smith's reply to this was that he had not seen the pistol until the morning when he saw the body of William McDonald. As for the gunpowder, he said that he had bought that to use it in an ointment for one of his patients.

The ointment he had given the patient was later analysed, and no gunpowder was found in it.

In regard to the pistol and the practising, Dr. Smith admitted that he had an old pistol which he broke months previously, and this old one was produced.

A valuable witness for the defence was then put into the box. He was Adam Gray, a brother of the Provost of Peterhead, and an auctioneer. He swore that it was William McDonald who had bought an old pistol from him in the year 1848; and he identified the pistol found beside the body as this one from a notch in the butt.

Gray was closely questioned as to this transaction, and it was found that his entries were made very haphazard in a jottings book, and not in a ledger of sales. Still, he persisted that in this case he was sure of his evidence.

The prosecution sought to prove, also, that Dr. Smith's movements tied up with the prosecution's allegations. He was seen by a labourer (John Aden) walking with McDonald in St. Fergus at eighteen or twenty minutes past seven on the Saturday night. It would take them less than four minutes to reach the spot where the body was found.

But under cross-examination this witness got so mixed up in his times that he was committed to prison for "pre-variation."

Other witnesses were called to show that the doctor had called on at least two patients, but still had time to keep the tryst with McDonald. The doctor swore that there was no tryst. One witness said that the doctor called at her house at 7.40 p.m., but then admitted that her clock was twenty minutes fast.

The matter of time was very important, for a shot had been heard by several people in the village that dark, windy night. Most of them agreed that the shot was fired between eighteen minutes and six minutes to eight.

The defence raised the question that when the Fiscal found the packet of gunpowder in the

doctor's house he burst the packet in handling it. This caused some of the powder to be spilled. Otherwise the packet was as it had been bought by Dr. Smith and had not been opened.

The prosecution replied that while it was true the Fiscal had burst open the packet, the amount he had spilled was so small that it was "pinched" back into the packet. Then experts were brought to show that, even if Dr. Smith had opened the packet, all that was needed to fire the shot from the pistol was about eight grains.

In short, there was some confusion as to the vital points of time and gunpowder, and the ownership of the pistol, for the prosecution were definite that William McDonald had never bought ammunition or a pistol.

The Lord Justice-Clerk, in summing up, took the view that the best that could be said about the pistol found next the body was that it was "like" the pistol Dr. Smith had. He warned the jury that even if a motive existed for murder, they could not infer from that that the act had been committed. All the evidence, however, was against suicide.

The jury took some time to come to their verdict; it was Not Proven.

Now, this is a peculiarly Scottish verdict. There are three verdicts possible—Guilty, Not Proven, and Not Guilty.

The prosecution asked if the jury would say whether, if there had been a division of opinion, the choice lay between Not Proven and Not Guilty.

The foreman replied that the difference had been between Guilty and Not Proven.

The verdict was received with hisses from the public in court. As it was feared there might be a demonstration against the prisoner he was kept in detention by the police for some time and then allowed to go under police protection.

But Dr. Smith never got the insurances he had taken out on William McDonald's life. He raised actions to recover the money, but the insurance companies asserted they would fight the claim. The actions were abandoned.

Just a last word. To explain the verdict of Not Proven it may be worth while quoting the learned Lord Moncrieff, who wrote: "When, the verdict of Not Guilty being available, a jury contents itself with finding the modified verdict of Not Proven, the verdict reflects, and is intended to reflect, unfavourably on the character of the person acquitted."

Maybe that was why the insurance companies determined to fight Dr. Smith's actions for payment.



HOW THE BRIGADIER SLEW THE FOX—PART IV

“I PREPARED FOR THE WORST”

By CONAN DOYLE

PRESENTLY an officer, in a blue uniform not unlike that of our flying artillery, came cantering down the road—an elderly, stout man he was, with grey side-whiskers. He stopped and began to talk with an orderly officer of dragoons, who waited outside the inn, and it was then that I learned the advantage of the English which had been taught me. I could hear and understand all that was said.

“Where is the meet?” said the officer, and I thought that he was hungering for his bistek. But the other answered him that it was near Altara, so I saw that it was a place of which he spoke. “You are late, Sir George,” said the orderly.

the other went on down the road.

The orderly rode away to some outlying stable, and then in a few minutes there came a smart English groom with a cockade in his hat, leading by the bridle a horse—and, oh, my friends, you have never known the perfection to which a horse can attain until you have seen a first-class English hunter.

He was superb: tall, broad, strong, and yet as graceful and agile as a deer. Coal black he was in colour, and his neck, and his shoulder, and his quarters, and his fetlocks—how can I describe him all to you? The sun shone upon him as on polished ebony, and he raised his hoofs in a little playful dance

saddle I should be better off than when I started. Even Voltigeur could not compare with this magnificent creature.

To think is to act with me. In one instant I was down the ladder and at the door of the stable. The next I was out and the bridle was in my hand. I bounded into the saddle. Somebody, the master or the man, shouted wildly behind me. What cared I for his shouts!

I touched the horse with my spurs, and he bounded forward with such a spring that only a rider like myself could have sat him. I gave him his head and let him go—it did not matter to me where, so long as we left this inn far behind us. He thundered away across the vineyards, and in a very few minutes I had placed miles between myself and my pursuers. They could no longer tell, in that wild country, in which direction I had gone.

I knew that I was safe, and so, riding to the top of a small hill, I drew my pencil and notebook from my pocket, and proceeded to make plans of those camps which I could see, and to draw the outline of the country.

He was a dear creature upon whom I sat, but it was not easy to draw upon his back, for every now and then his two ears would cock, and he would start and quiver with impatience.

At first I could not understand this trick of his, but soon I observed that he only did it when a peculiar noise—“Yoy, yoy, yoy”—came from somewhere among the oak woods beneath us.

And then suddenly this strange cry changed into a most terrible screaming, with the frantic blowing of a horn. Instantly he went mad—this horse. His eyes blazed. His mane bristled. He bounded from the earth and bounded again, twisting and turning in a frenzy. My pencil flew one way and my note-book another.

And then, as I looked down into the valley, an extraordinary sight met my eyes. The hunt was streaming down it. The fox I could not see, but the dogs were in full cry, their

noses down, their tails up, so close together that they might have been one great yellow and white moving carpet.

And behind them rode the horsemen—my faith, what a sight! Consider every type which a great army could show: some in hunting dress, but the most in uniforms; blue dragoons, red dragoons, red-trousered hussars, green rifle-men, artillerymen, gold-slashed lancers, and most of all red, red, red, for the infantry officers ride as hard as the cavalry.

Such a crowd, some well mounted, some ill, but all flying along as best they might, the subaltern as good as the general, jostling and pushing, spurring and driving, with every thought thrown to the winds—save that they should have the blood of this absurd

WANGLING WORDS—157

1. Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after CULARI, to make a word.
2. Rearrange the letters of SORRY CELLO, to make a good car.
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: CASH into LEND, YOUR into DEAL, TAXIS into BUSES, STATE into ROBES.
4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from ORNAMENTAL?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 156

1. SHELLASH.
2. TIPPERARY.
3. GAOL, GALL, GILL, GILD, GOLD, GOAD, GOAL, DOOR, BOOR, BOON, BORN, BORE, BARE, BARS, BATS, MATS.
4. GLAD, GOAD, GOAT, BOAT, BOAS, BOGS, BAGS, RAGS, HORSE, GORSE, GORGE, FORGE, FORCE, FORTE, FORTS, PORTS, PORES, CORES, CORKS, COCKS, LOCKS, LACKS, LACES, RACES.
4. Marl, Lain, Nail, Spin, Nips, Slim, Rail, Liar, Spar, Raps, Pike, Pile, Rijs, Mars, Rams, Pram, Rain, Mark, Mare, Ream, Line, Like, Lien, Lips, Mask, etc.
- Spark, Spare, Speak, Spain, Spile, Spear, Reaps, Spike, Spine, Slink, Pearl, Miles, Slime, Males, Means, Names, Skein, Skirl, Spank, Slain, Nails, etc.

Send your—
Stories, Jokes
and ideas
to the Editor

fox! Truly, they are an extraordinary people, the English!

But I had little time to watch the hunt or to marvel at these islanders, for of all these mad creatures the very horse upon which I sat was the maddest. You understand that he was himself a hunter, and that the crying of these dogs was to him what the call of a cavalry trumpet in the street yonder would be to me. It thrilled him. It drove him wild.

Again and again he bounded into the air, and then, seizing the bit between his teeth, he plunged down the slope and galloped after the dogs.

I swore, and tugged, and pulled, but I was powerless. This English general rode his horse with a snaffle only, and the beast had a mouth of iron. It was useless to pull him back. One might as well try to keep a Grenadier from a wine bottle. I gave it up in despair, and, settling down in the saddle, I prepared for the worst which could befall.

(To be continued)

ODD CORNER

In 1936, a pair of blackbirds at Sandling Junction, Kent, built their nest under a railway coach. In the nest they laid a solitary egg, and they sat on it all night. But every day the train made a six-mile journey to Hythe and back, and took the egg with it, so that the birds had to wait for its return, and sit on the egg between journeys. One day, nest and egg disappeared, so the chick with the season ticket was never hatched.

There's nothing new under the sun, and in the British Museum is an automatic machine more than 2,000 years old. The ancient Greeks put in their coins, and, by a clever balance system, got an exact measure of good red wine in their cups. Even magnifying glasses and monacles are not new, for the Romans used spherical flasks filled with water both as burning glasses and as magnifiers for reading small writing, and the Emperor Nero wore a monacle made of beryl.

QUIZ for today

1. Max is a card game, drink, cereal, sculptor's chisel, part of a plough?
2. Who wrote (a) The Dog Fiend, (b) The Dog Hervey?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Darwin, Huxley, Faraday, Purcell, Rontgen, Curie?
4. To what age does a tiger live?
5. Of what wood are (a) bows and (b) arrows made?
6. What was the name of Napoleon's horse?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Cabriolet, Caracole, Hemisphere, Neurelgia?
8. What rank in the A.T.S. is equivalent to a Private in the Army?
9. Who was Casablanca?
10. What is the county town of Kent?
11. How many rivers in England are called Ouse?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) Shoes and — and —, (b) —, honour and —.

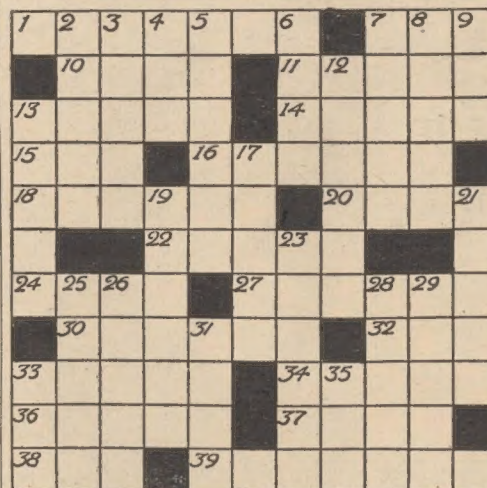
Answers to Quiz in No. 201

1. Fish.
2. (a) Jules Verne, (b) Conan Doyle.
3. Wrasse is a fish; the others fruits.
4. Witham.
5. Psalm 139.
6. Winchester.
7. Polemic, Triumvirate.
8. Group Officer.
9. Hero of "Round the World in Eighty Days."
10. May 29.
11. 1889.
12. (a) Dies (or Shares), (b) Bit.

To-day I pronounced a word which should never come out of a lady's lips; it was that I called John a Impudent Bitch.
8-year-old
Marjorie Fleming (1811).

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Applaud loudly. 7 Rule.



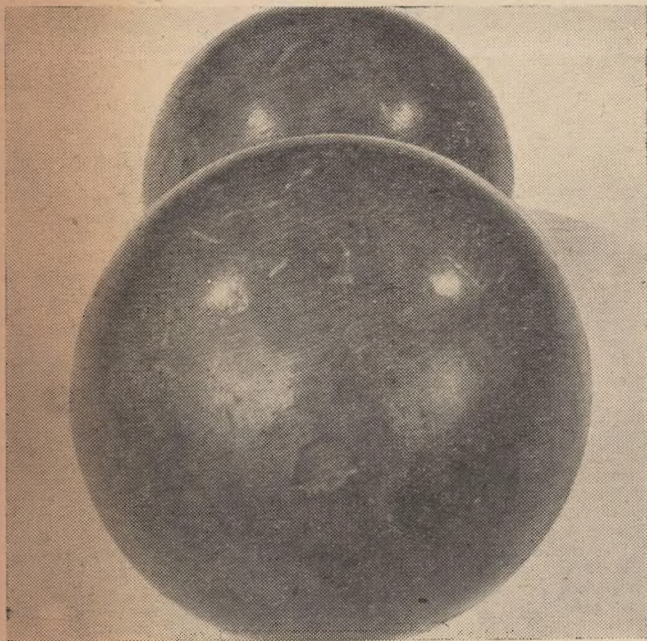
CLUES DOWN.

- 2 Jester. 3 Long to possess. 4 Recline. 5 Scotch boy. 6 Ship's upright. 7 Girl's name. 8 Garden flower. 9 Small. 12 Worried. 13 Wherewithal. 17 Obliterate. 19 Haft. 21 Subject. 23 South Sea islander. 25 Palm. 26 Thrashed. 28 Buzz. 29 Offal. 31 Specks. 33 Male animal. 35 Piece.

- 10 Joint of meat.
- 11 Humiliate.
- 13 Changed position.
- 14 Quickly fried.
- 15 Female animal.
- 16 Withdraw.
- 18 Part of stamen.
- 20 Baked dish.
- 22 Fully conscious.
- 24 Out up.
- 27 Burden.
- 30 Flush.
- 32 Edge.
- 33 Answering call.
- 34 Overhead.
- 36 Musicians.
- 37 Old cattle.
- 38 Fuel.
- 39 Winter sportsmen.

KETCH BURST
IDOLIZES HE
TIMID DEVON
TEN D RIPS
DO CHEF S I
ARCHIPELAGO
M H TODO IN
SCUD T CUR
ORBIT CANDY
NE VOLATILE
SWEEP NETES

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Picture Quiz in No. 201: Fir cone.

“Yes, I had a court-martial. Has Sir Stapleton Cotton gone?”

At this moment a window opened, and a handsome young man in a very splendid uniform looked out of it.

“Halloa, Murray!” said he. These cursed papers keep me, but I will be at your heels.”

“Very good, Cotton. I am late already, so I will ride on.”

“You might order my groom to bring round my horse,” said the young general at the window to the orderly below, while

so lightly and prettily, while he tossed his mane and whinnied with impatience. Never have I seen such a mixture of strength and beauty and grace.

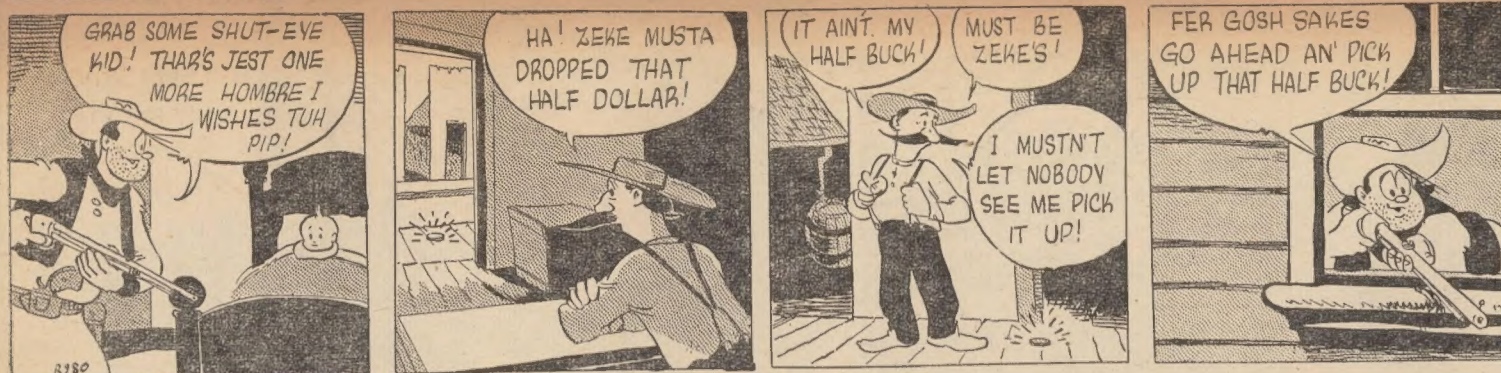
I had often wondered how the English Hussars had managed to ride over the Chasseurs of the Guards in the affair at Astorga, but I wondered no longer when I saw the English horses.

There was a ring for fastening bridles at the door of the inn, and the groom tied the horse there while he entered the house. In an instant I had seen the chance which Fate had brought to me. Were I in that

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



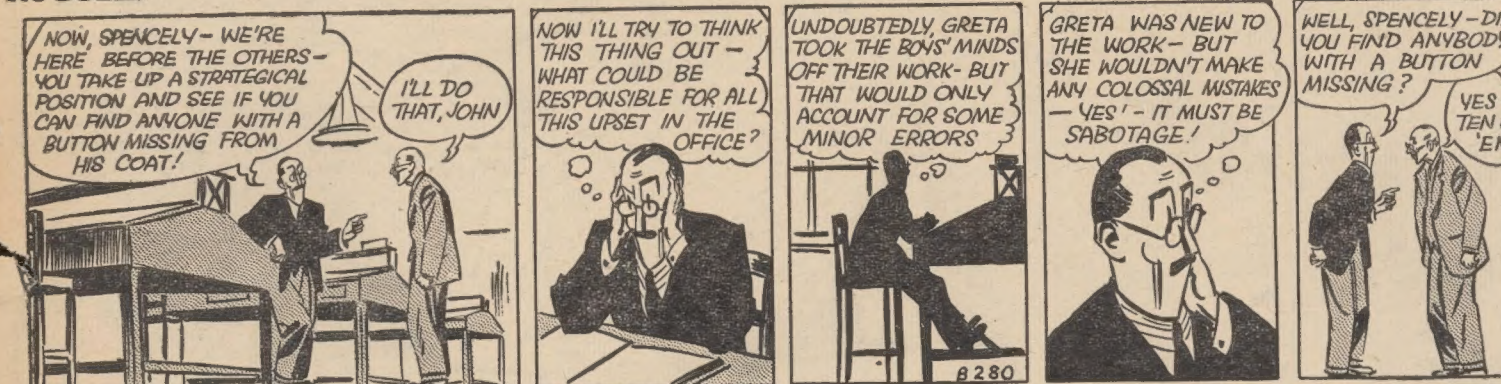
BELINDA



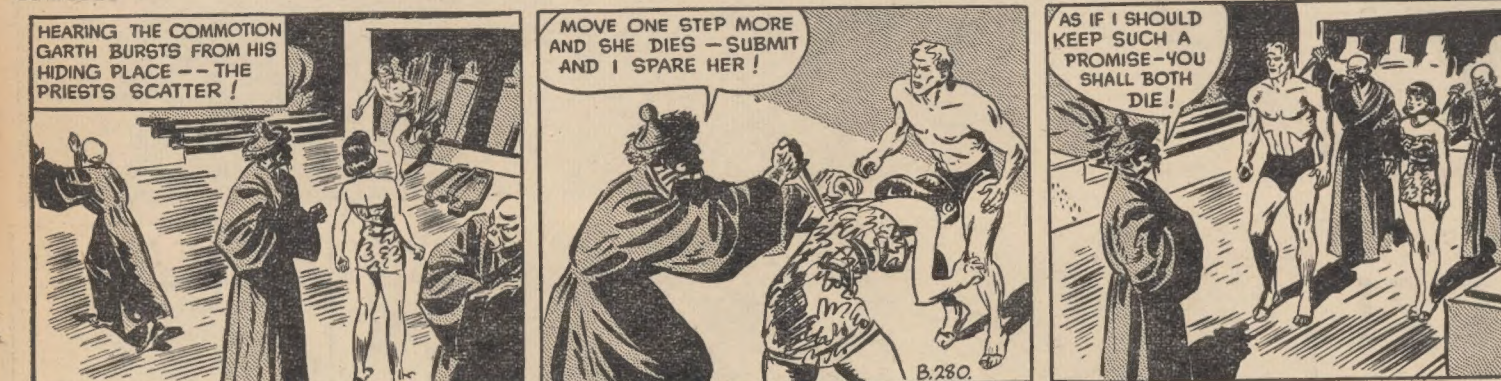
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



KING'S TOUCH CAN MAKE YOU FIT

DID you know that King George VI, as Sovereign of England, is credited with the power of healing disease by a touch of the Royal hand?

Edward the Confessor, who reigned before the Conqueror, was the first monarch to demonstrate this healing virtue. All his successors to the English throne are supposed to have inherited the prerogative.

An authentic case of "healing by touch" is mentioned in the writings of William of Malmesbury. A young married woman, who was childless and in a low state of health, went to Court and begged audience of the King.

Edward listened to her troubles. Then, dipping his fingers in water, he touched the woman's head. Immediately a number of sores which were festering on her neck dried up. She remained at Court for a week, till all sign of the ulcers had disappeared. A year later she gave birth to twins.

Edward seemed to have power over many kinds of ailments. He once carried a cripple on his back into St. Peter's Church, Westminster, and set him down "straight in every limb." Malcolm, in Shakespeare's "Macbeth," tells Macduff of cases, "the mere despair of surgery," which Edward had cured.

THE KING'S EVIL.

Succeeding monarchs, however, confined their healing to scrofula, which became known as the King's Evil.

Henry II healed many of his subjects with this complaint, according to the records left by his chaplain, Peter de Bois. In a work called "Compendium Medicinæ," Gilbertus Anglicus attributes many such healings to King John.

The first English physician employed at Court, John of Gaddesden, wrote a treatise in 1320 on the various methods of combating scrofula.

He recommended any person who had despaired of getting well to repair to the King and pray for "the Royal touch."

In the 17th century a special form of service was introduced, and a copy of the order of ceremony is still preserved. It is headed: "The CEREMONIES for HEALING them that be diseased with the King's Evil, used in the time of King Henry VII." Published by His Majesty's Command, 1686.

The King knelt with his chaplain and first confessed his own sins—"in thought and deed, through my fault!"

Thomas a'Becket declared that the service was adapted from an ancient exorcism used for the dispossessing of evil spirits.

THE QUEEN REFUSED.

Queen Elizabeth didn't altogether favour the practice, though in the first years of her reign she healed a large number of scrofula patients.

While in Gloucester on one occasion, she refused to treat a crowd of sick people who approached her, exclaiming, "God only can relieve them from their complaints."

The Stuart Kings, on the other hand, used their power extensively. In the years 1667-1684, Charles II "touched" 68,506 infected persons.

Parish registers kept record of people who had been cured of the King's Evil.

In a book called "Adenochoradologia," published at the Restoration, the author, John Browne, reported that Cromwell had tried to exercise the power of the Royal Touch—and failed.

No doubt faith and superstition were in part responsible for any benefit received by the King's subjects.

As late as 1860, sufferers from the King's Evil went to Ashburnham Parish Church, in Kent, to touch the blood-stained shirt which is said to be that worn by Charles I on the scaffold.

The King's healing power had passed into the sacred relic.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.



"You know what you can do with those invoices, Sir Claude? I've joined the Wrens!"

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

This England

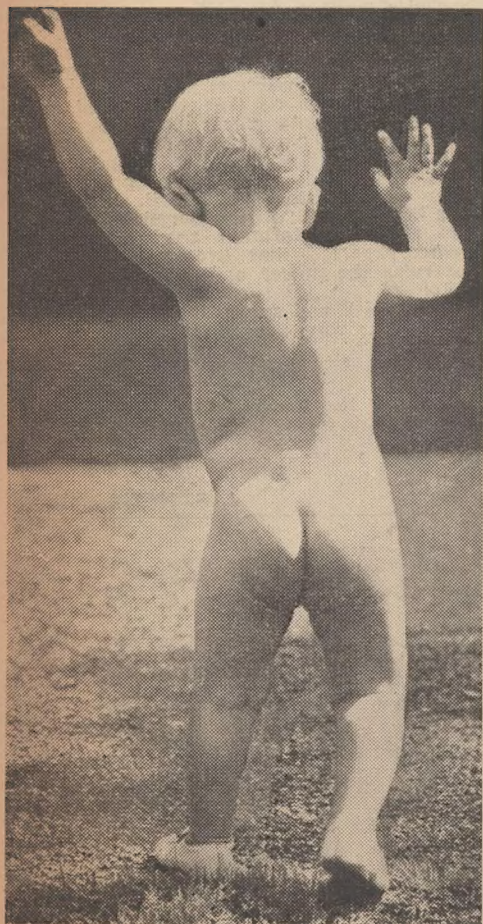


Selworthy Green, looking towards Dunkery Beacon, Somersetshire.



There won't be any oxtail soup on your menu, boys, so long as I face this way. If you think otherwise, then come and get it — if you can.

Just a spot of sunshine and laughter tonic in case you're feeling under the weather.



Phooey to clothes. Give me FREEDOM. What are we fighting for? Ooo-er, here comes Mummy. Now I'm for it!"

CUT!

Sent to Coventry or ostracised, whichever you prefer, that fellow on the right certainly looks as though he ain't wanted by the gang.



SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Lummy—he's getting the bird."

